

## WITH A VIEW TO MATRIMONY.

BY JAMES BLYTH.

"Can a dew anything moar for ye, Bally?" said Bob Huron, the cowman, to his sister, as he finished banging the mud and "muck" off the mats against the outhouse wall.

"Why, whatever ha' come to ye?" said sister. "D'ye want anything?"

For years Bally had taken upon herself the unenviable task of looking after her father and of "mothering" her three younger brothers. Her efforts to keep them going in food and clothes were not without more unmerited abuse and foul language than any return in the shape of attention, gratitude or help. This she felt the more as she was a woman with ideas of refinement that were unusual in the neighborhood of Frogsthorpe, and took to heart the complaints of her great, loutish brothers that "they hadn't got no mother."

Bob's desire to assist her in any way surprised her.

"Narthen to egerby," said Bob, sheepishly. "Can't a dew narthen moar?" Bally burstled about and dutifully tidied up the kitchen. Out of the corner of her eye she watched Bob hanging round uncomfortably with an evident wish to ask something and a reluctance to make a start.

"Shall a sluch the bricks down for ye?" asked Bob.

"Come an' do," said Bally. "Tell us what a surety to goodness ye ain't afraid."

"Will ye prarnus not to put the grin on me?" Bob asked.

"Why, what should I want to do that for?" said Bally, who was getting impatient, and knew the only way to extract information from her brother was to wring it out of her.

"But just as ye like, I can't keep muddlin' about here all the mornin'."

"I want ye to tell me what to say," Bob pouted out.

"Say? Say what? Whatever are you talkin' about? I don't know the meanin' o' it."

"Well! There's a gail!" Bob began nervously.

"Ah! There's plenty o' them," said Bally, unconcernedly.

"I want ye to tell me what to say in a letter," burst out Bob. "Lord! Bally! she's a gail! wench! She's bigger'n ye. Ha! ha! ha! that black! 'Taint like yam." Bally was fairly, "She's big as me. An' ha' eyes—her ha' eyes fare to go right trow ye, they be so shiny an' so black."

"A love letter?" said Bally. "No, Bob; I don't know nothin' about love. I ain't goin' to mix up along o' no love."

"No, no!" expostulated Bob. "Taint come to that yet. But I see ha' brother 'Cotton' day, an' he axed me to go cover



"She an' ha' brother met me, just as the 'Swan' was openin'."

an' see ha', an' I axed him if I should write an' tell ha' I was a-comin', an' he said as he'd find out."

"D'ye want to walk out with her, then?" said Bally.

"I don't know exactly as yet," Bob answered. "D'ye think she'd make a good wife?"

"How can I tell?" asked Bally, with some show of reason. "Do I know her?"

"No," said Bob. "But she bain't like yew. She's a strappin' wench, an' my missus 'all ha' to work to help to 'arn the grub."

"Do she wear a fall an' gloves?" asked Bally, slyly, reminiscent of fraternal re-

monstrances at her own occasional lapses into gentility.

"That she doesn't!" said Bob. "She shan't wear no fall nor no gloves."

"You'll have to treat her different to what you do me," said Bally, "or she won't put up wit'."

"I'll treat her prap'er," Bob promised. "She shall ha' all the grub she can get down ha', but she shan't ha' no bare nor good. They don't dew ye a night o' it."

Bob was an adolescent valetudinarian in his way, and was just then strong on total abstinence.

"I wouldn't write no letter," said Bally;

"that's dangerous—she might hev ye up for writin' a letter."

"D'ye think so?" said Bob, who in all ceremonial matters was guided by his sister.

"That 'ould be best to see ha'," said Bally. "How often hev ye seed her?"

"I don't know much on ha', an' tha's a fact," admitted Bob. "She's in service out at Chetbridge, an' ha' brother axed me if I'd like to go cover."

"Well, that appears funny to me," mused Bally, keeping her countenance, but chuckling inwardly. "What d'ye want to write for?"

"I'm a goob' to dew the thing prap'er," Bob explained. "Not aam's as yew an' yar chap what never came to narthen. I want to ha' a prap'er understandin' afore I gits engaged, an' I ain't got no mother, wuz luv, an' thote as yew'd help me."

"You got your understandin' talkin'," advised Bally. "That fare strange to me she should set her brother on to you like that."

"D'ye think so?" said Bob, nervously.

"Hev ye ever kised her?" asked Bally, slyly.

"Blame it, no!" Bob roared. "But I should wholly like tew," he added, softly.

"Take her out an' kiss her then an' be done wit'," said Bally, more experienced in wooing. "But do you mind you bain't sucked in."

"What d'ye mane?" asked Bob.

"They say as fish-hawkers cry stinkin' fish the loudest," answered Bally, sententiously. "An' ha' brother wholly holler tew."

"D'ye think so?" stuttered Bob, alarmed at unconsidered possibilities. "But ha' eyes make ye jump, they be so bright. She's the prattiest gal ye ever see. I'll make ye a bet on't," he added by way of self-consolation.

"I spoon," he said, after a pause. "I spoon 'ouldn't write for me an' ax ha' if she'd walk out w' me. I bain't got no mother to dew it, wuz luv."

It may be incidentally remarked that Bob was 22 years of age, and, with his brothers, was always lamenting the want of a mother. That lady, during her life, left the charge of her young children altogether to Bally, and neglected them and her home equally.

"Why may take your oath o' that," answered Bally, firmly, in reply to Bob's hint. "If ye got sucked in you'd lay it all on to me. You must ha' your own land. You'd better tell her brother you'll meet her o' Sunday."

"D'ye think so?" said Bob, and subsequently acted on her advice.

When Bob had finished the milking on

Sunday morning and arranged for an evening substitute, he grew into a fever of unrest. "Bally," he called, "where's my done shut! Where's my collar? Will ye black my bowtie for me? I'll g'e ye tuppence. Come an' tie my tie. Shall a wear a flower? D'ye think she'll like to go to chapel? How dew a look in my new clothes?"

At last Bally got him off and turned her attention to the midday dinner.

She sat up for his return at night. He came in about 11, and found his sister alone. The others had gone to bed. His face wore an expression of mingled indignation and shame.

"Well, how did ye get on?" asked Bally. "Hev ye had your tea?"

"I don't want no tea," said Bob, "I'm goin' to bed!"

"Good night, then," said Bally, knowing there was more to come, but making a pretense of turning out the lamp.

"Blame it," struck in Bob, hoarsely, "she an' ha' brother met me at Chetbridge just as the 'Swan' was openin'." She said she was dry, no I axed her to be her comfart. T're glasses o' stout for ha' and t're glasses o' ale for ha' brother, I paid four—tha's ninepence—an' a glass o' mild bare for me is tuppence; and neither o' them offered to pay a farthing. Then arterwards Tom left us, an' we walked to St. Mary's-on-the-Fern, an' she said as we wuz travelin', an' walkin' made ha' wheely dry. So we went into the King's Head, an' she had t're moor glasses o' stout and a half o' mild for me. Tha's fivepence-ha'pny, and tuppence is one an' t'repence-ha'pny. She never paid for narthen."

"Why, Bob, boy, you must ha' been a fool," said Bally, chuckling inwardly. For Bob was notoriously parsimonious.

"D'ye think so?" he said unhesitatingly. "Arter that," he continued, "we set under the hedge for a bit, an' she axed me to kiss ha'. So a did, but she stunk o' bare soo a didn't think much on't. Then she heg a crowpin' up agin till she went asleep. When she woke up we walked to Turtham an' I axed her if she'd like too go to chapel. But she said that wuz past a an' she wuz dry; soo we went into the Queen's Head an' she had t're moor glasses o' stout an' a half o' mild for me. Tha's fivepence-ha'pny an' one an' t'repence-ha'pny is one an' nine. Goo! ha'oom to Chetbridge that wuz gettin' dark; but she wanted to set under the hedge agin. Ha! somewhere, I said the ground wuz damp, an' she said as I wuz a sort o' fool, an' w'd best git on to the 'Swan afore they shut. But I'd ha' axed on't an' come boom. Tha's just like yew re-mixin' me up along o' a wench what cost me one an' ninepence an'



"Can a dew anything moar for ye, Bally?" said Bob Huron.

would ha' done moor if I'd ha' let ha' know the time when I feel I ain't got no mother. I shan't g'e yew yer shillin' this week out o' my moor. I must look arter myself same as yew dew! Livin' ha' ha', ha! like a queen a-dewin' narthen. Nice dewin's I call it."

And Bob went up to bed grumblin' and cursin', while his sister laughed almost down to the ground.

Bob is still a bachelor. But he has another girl in his eye, and wants Bally to test her quality before he commits himself to another one-and-a-halfpenny Sunday.

## HOW MANUFACTURERS HAVE SOLVED THE QUESTION OF WASTE PRODUCTS.

FEW BIG PLANTS EXIST THAT DO NOT CONVERT MATERIAL THEY ONCE THREW AWAY AS USELESS INTO PROFIT—PACKING-HOUSES FIND VALUE IN NEARLY EVERY PARTICLE OF THE ANIMALS THEY KILL—COAL PRODUCES NUMEROUS VALUABLE QUALITIES—CHEMISTRY'S EFFECT IN MINING PROCESSES—HOW DIFFERENT VARIETIES OF OIL ARE ACCUMULATED—EVEN WASTE MILK IS WORTH MONEY.

## WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

In these days of great industries, billion-dollar corporations and amidst the rush to gain the slightest dollar, the heads of manufacturing concerns are giving special attention to the prevention of waste. What was regarded years ago as worthless material after the regular product of the plant was ready for market was thrown away as being without monetary value. This is all changed now. Great factory managers have studied the question of waste, and as a result but few of them exist that do not turn their waste material into something of value.

The Chicago story that the packing-houses furnish everything about pigs but their squeals, and are planning to convert the squeals into whistles, has more point than most jokes.

Probably the great packing-houses furnish the most familiar illustration of what was formerly considered waste, and even the smaller abattoirs, while they haven't attained the scientific perfection of the great packing-houses are reformed characters.

It was only a few years ago that the chutes were usually built upon the bank of a stream, and all refuse was washed into the stream. In course of time neighbors were inconsiderate enough to protest against the practice. Sanitary bees invaded innumerable bonnets, and a howl of protest went up against the abattoirs.

It was necessary to dispose of the refuse in some fashion. Chemists were called in.

Methods for drying the refuse and extracting all the grease were developed. The grease went into the manufacture of soap. The residue was converted into fertilizer. After fatty had been made from the hoofs, the hoofs and horns were used for buttons, knife handles, etc. The wealth of the neighborhood and the income of the slaughter men went up.

The development of the tremendous anti-color industry was altogether due to chemical experiment with waste product. In the dry distillation of coal or wood for gas, the gas passes through a succession of washers, which take out its impurities. These impurities, including ammonia, carbolic acid, acetic acid and various nitrogen compounds were formerly waste, but are now separated and used. In fact, nearly all of the acetic acid in the market is recovered from the dry distillation of wood.

Five per cent of the coal used in gas manufacture is coal tar, and by experiment chemists found that this coal tar, always regarded as waste residue, contained substances useful in the making of dyes. Fully 10 per cent of the weight of the coal tar is available for this purpose, and upon the basis of this discovery the enormous coal-tar color industry has grown.

In connection with all of our mining development, chemistry has played an impor-

tant part. Ores can be mined with profit to-day that could have been practically worthless a few years ago. In the old mining days only high-grade ore was profitable, and only a certain percentage of the gold contained in the ore was freed.

The tailings thrown aside held a considerable quantity of gold, but could not be worked by the ordinary processes, so were piled mountain high, and disregarded until chemists discovered that the gold was soluble in potassium cyanide, and that by washing in a very weak solution of potassium cyanide the tailing gold could be profitably separated from the refuse. The same process has led to the working of low-grade ores, running 4 or 5 to the ton, which could not be profitably worked by the ordinary mining processes.

The silver contained in lead has also been freed and utilized. It was found by chemists that when the melted lead was mixed with zinc and floated to the surface. When the mass was taken from the lead and heated in a retort the zinc, being volatile, was freed, and left a deposit so rich in silver that it was easily purified.

The application of chemistry to mining processes are legion, but it is in other branches of industry that practical chemistry is now making its strides. The Standard Oil Company is a hardy exponent of the merits of industrial chemistry, and has expert chemists constantly employed. As for that matter, so have all the great gas plants, coke plants, sugar refineries, starch factories, etc.

The original waste of the oil business was enormous; now it is next to nothing. Of course, the primary aim is the production of kerosene, but crude oil contains, on the one side, oils lighter than kerosene, such as gasoline, naphtha, and, on the other side, products much heavier than kerosene, such as paraffin. At one time all of these products were waste; now every one of them is utilized.

By first distillation the lighter oils are freed and collected. Then the kerosene is distilled, leaving a product that is worked over into hard paraffin and soft paraffin or vaseline. A heavy oil left after the collecting of the paraffin is used for lubricating and fuel oil, much of it being made into car and axle grease. After all these processes a solid mass of carbon is left in the retorts, and this is used to a considerable extent in making carbon sticks for electric lights.

The dairy business is one of the industries with which the chemist is busy himself, and the results so far have been most satisfactory, although a much broader field for the use of casin is prophesied. The large creameries, having turned out their cream and butter, were confronted by great quantities of skim milk for which there were apparently no use. Skim milk was a drug on the market, and in many cases was drained off into neighboring streams.

The chemist stepped in and changed all that. The milk is curdled with alkali and a dried product produced which is soluble in water. This casin has been used for paper sizing, kalsomining, etc., and successful experiments have been made with it in the manufacture of artificial foods. Moistened with water to a gelatinous consistency, put under a hydraulic press and then washed in acid, it forms a hard and indissoluble substance, of which buttons and similar articles are made. Chemists say that the casin powder, which is like a fine, tasteless flour, may be substituted for milk in cooking, and has a great future in this respect.

Chemistry applied to the sugar industry has been invaluable, and particularly in connection with the beet sugar manufacture, has recently effected a wonderful saving. The waste in the making of beet sugar was at first enormous, because the molasses was absolute waste. It contains products from the beet roots which give it a very bitter taste, and is also rich in an alkali which spoils it. As, although

more than one-half of the weight of the molasses was sugar, it was unavailable save for fermentation and alcohol.

Experiment proved that dry lime, mixed with the molasses, combined with the sugar, formed a product insoluble in water. Washing the molasses would then separate this product from all the other elements. The lime and sugar product being heated with carbonic acid, the lime combined with the carbon, forming an indissoluble product, and leaving the sugar free to be easily separated. By this process to-day 90 per cent of the sugar is recovered from the beet molasses, and there is practically no molasses in the beet sugar factories.

In the manufacture of cane sugar the molasses is about as valuable as the amount of sugar contained in it would be, so there is no use for the process adopted in beet-sugar making, but there is less weight of sugar in the molasses than there was formerly. This fact, and the fact that the molasses is now made in vacuum pans and cannot be burned or thickened as it was in the old-fashioned open pans, accounts for the fact that there are no more black molasses and no more black gingerbread, such as mother used to make.

The glucose manufacturers have called in chemists and found a new source of profit. The corn grain has, in addition to its starch product, a tiny germ in which lies its life principle. This germ was formerly crushed with the sugar, separated and thrown aside as waste. Very lately it has been shown that this germ is rich oil, which can be utilized. The germ is now separated from the starch and crushed. The oil gathered finds a ready market, and within the last five years millions of dollars' worth of this oil has been exported to Europe, where all corn products are in great demand. After the oil is taken from the germ the gluten is used for various and the residue is used for cattle food.

The cornstalk also is ground and used for cattle food, but first the pith of the stalk is extracted and used for the lining of vessels, the theory being that if a fissure occurs in the framework of the vessel the pith lining, becoming wet, will swell, and to some extent close the fissure.

The cotton-seed oil industry has eliminated its waste almost entirely, although twenty years ago every part of the cotton seed saved the oil was waste product. In the cotton-seed oil factory now the seed is collected after coming through the cotton gin, and is first stripped of its flut, which is used in the manufacture of certain kinds of paper, felt, etc. Next the shell of the seed is removed and either ground for cattle food or used as fuel. In the latter case the ashes are collected for potash. The kernel of the seed is ground and pressed to extract the oil, and the residue is used for cattle food. The oil in process of refining gives off a waste which enters into soapmaking and the making of oleomargarine.

Glycerine, used in such great quantities at present, was for years a waste product. All waste from fatty oils contains compounds of an acid with glycerin. The acid will combine with an alkali, leaving the glycerin in a watery solution, from which it is collected by evaporation and distillation. Immense quantities of this reclaimed waste product are used in the making of explosives.

When steel is melted in a Bessemer converter the phosphorus, which used to be a nuisance, is separated from the steel by the introduction of lime, with which the phosphorus combines readily. This phosphorus is then used as a fertilizer.

The slag from iron furnaces is converted into cement.

The tin is taken from old tin cans by chemical process and is used over and over again. Even the acids used for chemical purposes are not allowed to outlive their usefulness with the accomplishment of their purpose. The Standard Oil Company formerly wasted great quantities of sulphuric acid after it had been used to remove the impurities from the oil. The acid was drained off into the river. Now it is used in a fertilizer.

particularly adapted to a soil where phosphate rock must be dissolved.

**Slumber Town.**

When Night looks down on the wakeful earth.

With plying, starry eyes, She sees it weary by toll and mirth, And troubled with tears and sighs; So "Hush," she murmurs, "'tis dreaming-time."

Oh, rock not of Fortune's frown, And gently, gently she sunders wide the portals of Slumber Town.

It lies in Shadowland strange and vast, This city that all may find.

There life long wooed may be won at last, And pitiless eyes grow kind;

The poor may chance on a dower of gold, The vanquished a laurel crown.

And voices, hushed in a former old, Re-echo in Slumber Town.

—Boston Globe.

**His Last Residence.**

Clerk: "Your name, please?"

Guest: "James Brownsmith."

Clerk: "Your usual residence?"

Guest: "Kensington, London."

Clerk: "And your last residence?"

Guest: "My last residence? Oh, I suppose that'll be the cemetery."—Pick-Me-Up.

## WHAT IS MR. SEIBERT'S ANSWER?

Questions: What is a door open?

In view of Executive Commissioner Seibert's recent order to saloonkeepers that they shall keep their saloons closed between 1 and 5 a. m., this question, which was brought to the attention of a New York court, may be of interest in St. Louis. New York legal lights are divided in their opinion. How will St. Louis lawyers look upon it?

According to a local ordinance, all the hotels and saloons in Victoria, N. Y., must remain closed during Sunday. Two policemen, however, while making their rounds during a recent Sunday, suspected that a near-by saloon was open, and, sure enough, they entered it without difficulty. Moreover, half a dozen persons were standing at the bar, but there was no liquor before them, and, though they searched diligently, the policemen could not obtain the slightest evidence that any liquor had been sold that day. Still they arrested the saloonkeeper on the ground that he had broken the law by keeping his place open.

"But my saloon was not open," he replied. "On the contrary, the front door was locked."

"That's quite true," said the policemen, "but, all the same, we managed to get in, for you left the key in the door."

The case was then brought before the Commissioner of Police, and he was asked to decide whether a door which was locked, but the key of which was left in the lock, could be legally regarded as closed. He replied in the affirmative, and the saloonkeeper was acquitted. The case, however, was then brought into court, and the Judge reversed the Commissioner's decision, whereupon an appeal was taken, and as a result some of the most learned Judges in the

country are now pondering over this important question.

## BARKING DOG

## FORETOLD DEATH.

There is an old saying that whenever a dog barks without any apparent cause the death of some human being in the neighborhood is surely foreshadowed and owing to an incident which has just occurred in Quebec, many credulous persons are inclined to believe that there must be some truth in this ancient superstition.

Charles Brulard, a mechanic, 39 years old, after spending a splendid day in the country, returned in the evening to his mother's home, and as he entered the kitchen he said:

"Do you notice how all the neighbors' dogs are barking to-night? You may think me queer, but I look on it as a warning, and I am sure that I shall die to-morrow."

His mother tried to reason with him, but he went to bed, and next day, instead of rising as usual, he remained in his room, and when night came he died, as he had predicted that he would. The exact cause of his death is unknown, but the general opinion is that fear killed him.

In the Mountain Country.

The stranger rode up to the gate in front of a farmhouse in the Kentucky mountains and addressed a man on the porch.

"Good morning," he said pleasantly, for there is no good in rising a mountain unless you happen to be a "revenuer" and are there for that purpose.

"How d'ye?" responded the party on the porch.

"I want to see the man of the house," continued the stranger.

"That ain't any," was the gentle answer that turned away wrath. "I reckon it's my wife you want to see, but she's down to the miller's house and won't be home but two hours."—Detroit Free Press.

## BEAUTY SPONSOR WILL REPRESENT THIS LODGE.



MISS MARY JEWELL WATKINS.

Light's Champion of Owensboro, Ky. She shows Miss Mary Jewell Watkins to represent their constituency at the triennial convention to be held in Louisville next August. At a notable Owensboro gathering Watkins was only secondly selected

to be the prettiest girl in the west. The Woolfolk Guard of Kentucky, the first volunteer company to join the Confederate Army from Owensboro in 1861, was named in honor of her grandfather, the late Doctor W. G. Woolfolk.

## AND SO THEY WILL MARRY—LOVE'S OLD, SWEET SONG.



JOHN ELAKE.

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

Lexington, Ky., June 21.—Miss Mary Brand May, one of the most beautiful of Lexington's young society girls, is to be married July 19 to John Elake of Bedford, England, recently made a widower by the drowning of his wife and two children in the Galveston flood. Miss May was born in the Falkland Islands. After leaving his family he came to Lexington as the representative of the Galveston Fiber Company and fell desperately in love with Miss May. She is about 21 and a perfect beauty.